

THE
LOYAL LOVERS,
Or, Carmarthen Tragedy.

YOUNG lovers pray draw near, a story you
shall hear

Will make your hearts to bleed when I unfold
The ditty which I write, is of a lady bright,

That liv'd in fair Carmarthen, as I am told.

Her lord dy'd we find, and left two sons behind,

Who were heirs to six thousand pounds a year,
Besides her own estate, which was very great,

Now some of her virtues I mean to declare.

Most liberal was her hand, as we understand,

To the poor and distressed her gold did fly,
Their wants to relieve, comfort those that grieve,

The widow and the fatherless beside.

She succour'd all that came, and I will maintain,

One act of charity she did perform,
A labouring man we hear, who lived so near,

He often to this lady's house did come.

Relieved for to be, in his necessity,

He had one child a daughter very bright,

A sweeter creature sure, the earth did ne'er procure,

The lady in this child took great delight.

And once upon a day, she to this man did say,
 If you'll your daughter fair to me resign,
 I'll take a special care, to keep her I declare,
 And use her like unto a child of mine.

The poor man did say, take her madam pray,
 For I can scarce get food to suffice.

My tender infants dear, I do not doubt your care,
 And I shall pray for you while I am alive.

The child she took away, in gallant rich array
 She cloathed her, though of parents poor;

She made the child appear, so gay we hear,
 As if she was a noble lady born.

And when to fifteen years this child arriv'd were,
 Helen for beauty could not with her compare:

Her dazzling beauty bright, appear'd to ev'ry sight
 The master-piece of nature beyond compare,

Many suitors came, to see this matchless dame,
 This lady's sons were shot with Cupid's dart,

Struck for this maid, their hearts were betray'd,
 And now we come unto the tragic part.

The youngest first of all did break his mind,
 As he did find her in an arbour clear,

Sweet angel divine, I have found a happy time,
 The torment of my mind for to declare.

My heart's oppress'd with grief, if you'll not give relief,
 I soon must go unto the silent grave,

The beauty of your eyes, has struck me with surprise
 You are the only blessing that I crave.

The maid surpriz'd to hear, cry'd, sir, forbear
 Your suit, for should my lady know the same,

She'd turn me out of door, wretched and poor,
 To my mean cottage, sir, from whence I came.

He said, my lovely dear, my mother do net fear.

My fortune is my own when I come of age.

She cannot hinder me, so if we marry'd be,

We'll find a way her passion to asswage.

Hearing him say so, tears from her eyes did flow,

Saying, I willingly would give consent,

But only I do fear, your mother will be severe,

Which thing may chance to prove my discontent.

If you'll consent he cry'd, for to be my bride,

In private we'll marry, none shall it know,

The pleasures we enjoy, or comforts we destroy,

'Till I my fortune have, let it be so.

At last this sweet fair, gave consent we hear,

Within a little time to be his bride : (pass,

And you'll find at last, strange things did come to

The hearts of these two lovers to divide.

This lord little knew; his brother lov'd her too,

Or that he love unto this maid did bear,

One night he told we find, the secrets of his mind,

The eldest brother struck the news to hear.

Could not tell where to run, his passion for to shun,

Thinking, if craftily he did not play,

He should be deprived of all felicity,

His younger brother would his rival be.

He to his brother said, if you wed this maid,

My mother will be much enraged, you know,

A beggar she was born, though beauty does adorn

Her person, she is not a match for you,

O brother forbear, she is beyond compare,

She's virtuous, beautiful, and chaste beside;

Her I'm resolv'd to have, or go unto my grave,

No other woman shall be my bride.

He finding him so plain, thought it was in vain,
For to attempt their minds to separate,

A plot he did invent, to their discontent,
Which madt their family unfortunate.

With a dissembling smile, his brother to beguile,
He said, I'll help you out in every thing,
Dear brother, that I can; and as I am a man,
My mother to consent I soon will bring.

If you'll be ful'd by me, I'll bring her to agree,
Do you to London go for awhile, (repair,
Stay with your uncle there, when home you do
You'll find all things fitting to your mind.

The deluded youth, thinking all was truth,
His cruel brother unto him did say :

He ask'd his mother leave, if she consent would give,
That he some time should with his uncle stay.

He having her consent, to charming Molly went,
Saying, My lovely dear, for a while,

I'll leave my charming fair; then he did declare,
How it was to be when to London he went.

I've told my brother dear, of all our love affair,
He bids me now this journey to take :

And when that is so, he'll let my mother know,
What I, my dear, have suffer'd for your sake.

And I to him shall write, to know my delight,
When that my dear mother comes to know,
What she to you doth say, my brother will send to
me,

'Tis my desire it should be order'd so.

She said if you think it best, I'll set my heart at
rest,

For ever true to remain to thee.

With charming kisses sweet, then these lovers greet,
They parted never to meet again.

Next day for London he set out immediately,
In Lombard-street his uncle did dwell;
A wealthy banker there, to him he did repair,
Thinking how all things would go well.

The wretch at home was working both their dooms,
A letter he did forge, as if it came
From London city fair, and shew'd it to his dear,
And said that from her own true love it came.
These words were pean'd, I for you do send,
Unknown unto my mother come to me;
But let my brother know, the day before you go,
And he will some jewels give to thea.

Poor soul she little knew but this was true,
The time by which her journey was set,
So her brother cry'd, something I'll provide,
You may dispose of them as you think best.
He from his mother took a golden cup,
A diamond ring and jewels besides;
And in her bundle he did pack them secretly,
And she in private from the house did ride.
In a short time they miss'd this maiden fair,
And the servants ask'd where she was gone,
But could no tidings bring what her befell,
So the lady said at length unto her son.

It's strange methinks that she should go away,
He anwer'd is there nothing missing? see,
I fancy some lewd spark, has led her in the dark,
And to her shame now she is gone.
Having looked round the cup could not be found,
Jewels and other things beside;

The lady said, dear son, revenge this she has done,
Let man and horse now after her quick ride.

Four men on horseback then did go straitway,
And at an inn this maiden soon they found;
They did her apprehend, and bro't her back again,
Soon as she saw the lady she did swoon.

Base creature she did say, thus for to go away,
I, who so tenderly brought you up,
My house to plunder so, and shamefully to go,
Away with these my jewels and my cup.

The lady did not hear, what she had to declare,
But to a prison she was sent away;
The assizes being nigh, she was condemn'd to die,
Poor soul there was none for her to appear.

Two days before this time this lord we find,
With his uncle to the coffee-house did go,
When reading the news, his soul to confuse,
He found his love must to the gallows go.

He her name did read, also what was the deed,
For robbing of her lady she must die,
He wrung and tore his hair, like one in despair,
Saying this is done through treachery.

His coach and six with speed, they prep'r'd indeed,
He said, upon the wings of love I fly,
If I'm not too late to share her fate,
Then freely for my dearest dear I'll die.

His coach pass'd as she, went unto the tree,
While thousands of spectators went to see
The lovely virgin fair, did all in white appear,
Which shew'd an emblem of her innocence.

Hundred of pitying eyes shed tears as she pass'd,
Her aged parents came their last to gaze,

Upon their daughter fair, they tore their aged hair,
 Saying, we shall follow thee soon to the grave.
 When round her ivory neck they did the halter
 place,
 Like fury up this youthful lord did drive:
 Then out of the coach he stept, and in the cart he
 leap'd,
 And eagerly into her arms he flew.
 One word he could not say, but soon she dy'd away,
 Then a thousand tir ~~o~~ her dying lips he kiss'd,
 The cruel hangman said, sir, you must away,
 This fatal moment must not be miss'd.
 Oh ! cruel brute, why mast this fair creature die ?
 She faintly said, sir. I nothing know,
 Why they have brought me here, farewell my dear,
 We have no time to talk, it must be so.
 Farewell parents dear, with the sweet pleasures here,
 And you my dearest dear once more adieu :
 The hangman did say, sir, you must away,
 Now let me execute what is my due.
 He took a penknife keen, because he'd not be seen,
 Just as the cart went to go away,
 His tender heart he pierc'd, then flew about her
 Sure ne'er was acted such a cruel scene. (waist,
 The purple gore did flow, he faintly let her know,
 And soon grim death did close these eyes :
 Into his mother they, his body did convey,
 The wretched brother being in sad surprise.
 To see what he had done, did to distraction run,
 He told the truth and fill'd the house with cries,
 The mother sick did fall, & broke her heart withal,
 This news the country fill'd with sad surprize.

And in one silent tomb they laid them in the ground,
 The unhappy lady with her son :
 Likewise the maiden bright. The wretch that night,
 Who was the cause that this thing was done.
 That night this wretch did die, his body it did lie,
 In order to be buried the next day ;
 When in the room they came, his corpse could not
 be seen,
 For he was presently convey'd away.
 But where no one could tell, nor what him befell,
 His friends said a sad noise they did hear,
 In the midst of the night, it did them sore affright,
 But nothing unto them did appear.
 Let this a warning be, that hears this tragedy,
 That spite and malice mayn't you overcome,
 The innocent betray, and lives to take away,
 As this poor unhappy wretch has done.



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